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BAKER, Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

# THE BOOB

A Comedy of Business Life  
In One Act

By

J. C. McMULLEN

*Author of "When a Feller Needs a Friend,"  
"Turning the Trick."*

## NOTE

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WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY

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# THE BOOB

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## CHARACTERS

*In order of appearance*

CLAYTON, *the boss.*

YOUNG, *the boob.*

MARTIN, *the efficiency expert.*

MADGE, *the girl.*

HARTMAN, *the confederate.*

**SCENE.**—Private office of the boss. Los Angeles, Cal.

**TIME.**—The present.

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## NOTES

**THE BOSS.** Should be played by a heavy, well-built man, to give a good contrast with **The Boob**. He should be quick and decisive in his manner, indicating the aggressive, successful business man.

**THE BOOB.** The opposite of **The Boss**; timid, bashful, and very much in awe of his employer. Toward the end of the play, as indicated by the dialogue, should throw off his timidity, becoming self-assertive, quick and resourceful.

**THE EFFICIENCY EXPERT.** Suave and polished, dark, small black mustache. The impression is given that he is a Mexican, but this should be indicated by nothing in his speech, dress or manner.

**THE GIRL.** A girl of twenty. Ordinary street dress.



# The Boob

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SCENE.—THE Boss's office. *The stage should be set with large flat-top desk, L.; small typewriter desk with typewriter, R.; chair back of each desk; chair to the R. of large desk. Papers, letters, etc., on typewriter desk. Tee square, blueprints, papers and files on large desk. Door C., one R. and L. Large book on floor between large desk and door R. Office furniture can be added as desired. 'Phone on large desk.*

(*The curtain rises on CLAYTON at large desk, writing, smoking a cigar. 'Phone rings twice.*)

CLAYTON. Confound it! (*At 'phone.*) Clayton speaking.—What?—Speak up, speak up! (*Rattles hook.*) Now then; what do you want?—(*Sharply.*) What's that?—Oh! You want to know when they intend commencing work on the S. D. & Y. Railroad?—Um-hum. Well, allow me to inform you that *that* is none of your business. (*Slams receiver on hook and angrily goes over papers on his desk. Looks at watch; then at door, R. Rises and crosses to door, R., and calls.*) Young! (*Pause.*) Martin! (*Pause.*) Glenn! (*Pause. Turns to go back to desk and falls over large book on floor. Gets up to sitting position and holds foot with which he bumped book.*) Now who in blazes put that thing there?

YOUNG (*enters hurriedly, L., with note-book and pencil, which he places on typewriter desk; then runs to assist CLAYTON.*). Did you fall, sir?

CLAYTON (*angrily*). No! You confounded fool! I sat down to manicure my toe-nails. (*Rises.*) Do you

suppose I sat down there for the fun of it? (*Brushing his clothes.*) What I would like to know is, who put that book there?

YOUNG (*meekly*). I did, sir. I was using it this morning to prop my feet while I was checking the report to the State, sir.

CLAYTON (*going to desk*). Well, put your feet in your pocket the next time you have a report to check and don't be such a fool as to let a thing like that lie around for some one to fall over.

YOUNG (*sitting at typewriter*). Yes, sir.

CLAYTON. I say, Young —— (*Turns and looks at YOUNG a moment.*) By the way, you have been with me over three years and I never have found out your Christian name. What is it?

YOUNG (*turns toward CLAYTON*). Shakespeare.

CLAYTON. Shakespeare! No wonder you hid it. Any more of it?

YOUNG. Yes; Shakespeare Byron Longfellow Young.

CLAYTON. Great heavens! What was your mother thinking about?

YOUNG. I don't know, I'm sure, sir. I never tell it to anybody unless I can't get out of it. I think she wanted me to grow up to be a poet.

CLAYTON. Poet? Bosh! With a name like that tacked onto you, you are more likely to be a nut. Is your mother living now?

YOUNG. No, sir. She died when I was five.

CLAYTON (*pause, while he looks YOUNG over from head to foot*). She was lucky. (*YOUNG turns to typewriter.*) Have you your note-book?

YOUNG. Yes, sir.

CLAYTON. Take a letter. (*YOUNG takes note-book and hurries to CLAYTON, sitting on chair, r. of desk. End of tee square should be projecting out over edge of desk and be covered with blueprints. He places his note-book on this and scatters prints, etc., over floor. Scrambles to gather them up.*) Oh, let them lie, let them lie. You never had any sense and I suppose never will. (*YOUNG seats himself at desk as CLAYTON dictates.*) "Brown,

Brooks and Company. (*Very rapidly.*) I have yours of the seventh concerning the San Francisco Rapid Transit bonds owned by me. They are not for sale. If they were, I wouldn't sell them to you. Yours truly." Got that?

YOUNG. Yes, sir.

CLAYTON. Can't you say anything but "Yes, sir"?

YOUNG. Oh, yes, sir—I mean, no, sir—that is —

CLAYTON. Then for heaven's sake say it once in a while. Your "Yes sirs" get on my nerves and make me lose my temper, which is something I seldom do. (YOUNG smiles.) Now what are you smiling at, you jackass! (*Stands and hammers desk as he talks, YOUNG shrinking from him.*) I want you to distinctly understand I never lose my temper, never, understand, never. Do you get me?

YOUNG (*frightened*). Y-y-y-yes, sir. Oh, I mean no, sir.

CLAYTON (*sitting*). What's the use, what's the use? I don't believe you're alive anyhow. Take a letter: "Jones, Smith & Jones: Yours of the fifth concerning extension of time on note. There is absolutely nothing I can do for you in this matter. (*Pounds desk on each syllable of "absolutely."*) I wrote you last week that there is nothing more to be said by me as I had turned the affair over to my lawyer. Have no patience with people of your class and don't want to receive any more letters from you. You make me lose my temper, which is something I seldom do. Don't want to hear from you again. Yours truly." Got that?

YOUNG. Yes, s—I mean, I have.

CLAYTON. Write 'em up.

YOUNG (*starts to his desk and falls over book on floor, over which CLAYTON fell*). I beg your pardon, but —

CLAYTON (*without looking up*). 'Sall right, 'sall right. Jarred something else out of you besides those confounded yes sirs. (YOUNG *starts toward door, R.*) Wait a minute. Why were you late in getting back to work at noon?

YOUNG. I couldn't get a table at the restaurant, sir.

CLAYTON. Oh, you couldn't! Why don't you go to a dairy lunch like I do? How much do you spend for your lunch?

YOUNG. Seventy-five cents. There's a fine place just up the street —

CLAYTON (*yells*). What! Seventy-five cents? Don't want to hear about it. Never spend more than twenty-five. Don't want to hear about it. How do you expect to get along in the world if you spend seventy-five cents for your lunch every day? Why don't you do like me; get a bowl of soup, some coffee and sinkers. That's the way *I* do. You don't suppose I would be a millionaire to-day if I spent seventy-five cents for lunch every day, do you? Where's Martin?

YOUNG. I think he is over in the Accounting Department, sir.

CLAYTON. Oh, you *think* he is? Why don't you know? That's what I pay you for. But that's it. No one is ever here when they are wanted. Here I go and hire the best efficiency expert on the Coast to come in and straighten up my office and he's never here when he's wanted. (*Goes through papers on desk.*) Where did you put those papers on the S. D. & Y. Route?

YOUNG. You will find them locked in your desk drawer, sir. I thought we would be using them again this afternoon and it wouldn't be necessary to put them back in the safe for such a short time.

CLAYTON (*trying drawer, which he finds locked*). That's good. Never let 'em lie around. Always take good care of them, if I do forget them.

YOUNG. Are they so very valuable?

CLAYTON. Valuable? I should say they are. I've been over three years working up the data for that route, which is San Isidro's only salvation. That city, with one of the finest harbors on the Pacific Coast, has been bottled up with but one railroad for the past thirty-five years. This S. D. & Y. Route is her chance to get an outlet direct to the East.

YOUNG. I see.

CLAYTON. The mountains back of the city have al-

ways been an impenetrable barrier to a railroad, but I fixed that. I have figured up a grade over those hills that will make the railroad world sit up and take notice. They said it couldn't be done, but they didn't reckon on Dick Clayton. No, sir.

YOUNG. No, I guess they didn't.

CLAYTON. There's a concern calling themselves the San Isidro and Gulf Development Company that has been trying hard to find out our exact route so they can buy up the land along the right of way and hold us up for a big fat fee, but so far I've kept them in the dark. They are trying to get a road south from San Isidro and then east to the Gulf of California, which would run the road entirely on Mexican territory, and they have done everything on earth to block my plans, but so far I've kept just a little bit ahead of them. I'm determined San Isidro's outlet to the East shall be under the Stars and Stripes. It would mean a big thing to Lower California if the road ran through Mexican territory, but not this time, my boy. Let 'em get busy and build a road of their own, eh? (*Looks at watch.*) Now where in thunder is Martin? I want to have a talk with him before I go home this evening. No excuse for this; none whatever. Should be here when I want him.

YOUNG (*rather embarrassed*). I beg your pardon for mentioning it and it really is none of my business, I know, but I—I —

CLAYTON. Out with it, man; out with it. Don't be all day about it! What is it?

(MARTIN appears c. d. Notices YOUNG and CLAYTON talking and steps back.)

YOUNG. It's Mr. Martin, sir. I think he acts a little suspicious. I have noticed him several times at your personal correspondence and —

CLAYTON. Bosh, bosh, bosh! That's what I hired him for. He's supposed to straighten the office up. Mustn't be so suspicious. You have no reason for suspecting Martin to be other than he represents himself. Besides, he came to me recommended from one of the

biggest and best efficiency bureaus on the Coast. Now trot along and write your letters.

YOUNG. All right, sir. I'm sorry I said anything.

(*Sits at typewriter desk.*)

MARTIN (*enters C. D.*). If I kept you waiting I'm sorry. I know I should be here when you want me, but —

CLAYTON. Don't make excuses. Never listen to them. A man that is always on time never has to make them. I told you to be here at four-thirty, and you weren't. Sit down. (*YOUNG begins typing.*) Oh, cut out that confounded clackety-clack, Young. I want to talk to Martin. Write your letters in the other office. (*YOUNG exits, R., with note-book.*) Well, how have you found things around the office so far as you have gone? (*MARTIN sits chair R. of desk.*) You have been here a week and ought to be a little bit on to the job by this time. There has been entirely too much time wasted about this place and it must be stopped. What have you done about it?

MARTIN. I hired a new office boy first of all. A good impression on a visitor means a lot. The boy on the job was too slow and impertinent.

CLAYTON. Yes, and had too many relations into the bargain. He lost about eight grandparents and sixteen aunts and uncles, more or less, during the last ball season. But at that I liked the little runt. He could tell a lie with the best face of anybody I ever saw. What else have you done?

(*CLAYTON writing, etc., during this conversation.*)

MARTIN. I also let Miss Blaine go. She isn't a stenographer and I don't think ever will be. I have also rearranged the working hours in the Accounting Department and made several other minor changes. I have been going over your letter files for the past two days but have hardly been here long enough to make any showing as yet. By the way, how long has Young been with you?

CLAYTON. About three years. He's the biggest boob I ever saw and hasn't got the brains of a louse, but he's the only stenographer I ever had that could take my dictation without popping in every other minute with "What did you say?" What's wrong with him?

MARTIN. Oh, nothing. Only he doesn't look much like the private secretary of a man in your position.

CLAYTON. Never hire a man on his looks. Too deceiving. Take yourself, for instance. (*MARTIN rises, offended.*) No offense, no offense. Young looks like a boob, and is a boob, but he is loyal, keeps his mouth shut and gets out his work, and all that counts.

MARTIN. Yes, it does, Mr. Clayton. In looking over your papers I noticed reference to the new S. D. & Y. Route across the mountains. Are you interested in that?

CLAYTON (*without looking up*). Don't know as that is any of your business. I didn't hire you to question me about what I am or am not interested in. Hired you to straighten up my office force.

MARTIN. I beg your pardon. I will try and confine myself to those duties in the future. [*Exit, R.*

CLAYTON (*takes telephone receiver from hook; waits a moment. Takes out watch and then rattles receiver*). Well, Central! I'm not interested in the price of the ring Cholly bought you. Do you know you have already caused me to waste fifty-four seconds? Give me Broadway 5986.

MADGE (*enters, L.*). Hello, Dad.

(*Crosses to r. of desk.*)

CLAYTON. Busy? Well, ring me up when it's not busy. (*To MADGE.*) Now what do you want?

MADGE (*sitting r. of desk and leaning over desk*). Only twenty dollars this time, Dad. I saw the loveliest purse down street and I simply must have it, and I've only got five dollars with me.

CLAYTON (*writing check*). Between you and your mother I suppose I'll be broke one of these days. You are always about twenty dollars shy when you want to buy anything.

MADGE (*goes around desk to CLAYTON and puts her arms around his neck as he blots check*). Don't be cross, Daddy. I might have asked you for two hundred dollars.

CLAYTON. Yes, and you mightn't have got it either.

(*Hands her check, which she takes and puts in her hand-bag.*)

MADGE (*going around to c.*). Thanks. Where's Mr. Young?

CLAYTON. I thought so. You wanted twenty dollars for a purse about as much as I want a cow just at present. (*Shakes finger at her.*) Now look here, young lady, I want to tell you something. I have been watching you make sheep eyes at that poor boob for the past year or so and I want it stopped, understand me, I want it stopped. (*Pounds desk.*)

MADGE (*innocently*). Why, Daddy! How can you say such things? I wasn't making sheep eyes at him. Besides, I don't know how.

CLAYTON. What are you hanging around here for then? You make his life miserable. What do you see in him?

MADGE (*toying with purse*). I like him, that's all. Then possibly it's because he doesn't hang around me.

CLAYTON (*throwing up hands*). Oh, that's the woman of it. You can have all kinds of fellows, rich, poor, long, short, any old kind, but instead you run after that poor little simp of a stenographer because he don't run after you. Could you beat it?

MADGE. Why, Daddy!

CLAYTON. Don't try to act innocent with me. I know you, young lady. If you can get any pleasure by making him feel miserable, go to it. (*Starts for door, L.*) Please don't scare him too badly though, as he might quit, and I don't want to lose him, as he is the best stenographer I ever had. There's one thing, however, I want you to remember, don't think for a minute you are going to bring into the family as my son-in-law, Shakespeare

Byron Longfellow Young. Enjoy yourself with him all you want, but let it go at that. [Exit, L.

MADGE. Shakespeare! No wonder he would never tell me his name. I'll call him Shakie, for short. (YOUNG enters, R., with letters he has typed, which he is reading. Does not notice MADGE.) Good-afternoon, Mr. Young.

YOUNG (embarrassed, tries to answer and drops letters, which he stoops to pick up). Er—good-afternoon.

MADGE. Here, let me help you. (She gets down on floor to help him and they bump their heads together. YOUNG drops everything he has gathered up and goes to typewriter, writing furiously on machine. MADGE watches him a moment, then goes to him and shakes his shoulder.) Oh, stop it and come over here and sit down. (Pulls chair from R. of desk to c. of stage, then pulls chair from typewriter desk beside it, holding to YOUNG all the time. She seats him to her R. He edges away from her as much as possible.) To-morrow afternoon I am going out to the Midwick Club to a charity affair. I don't suppose it will amount to much, but I want you to go along.

YOUNG (rising). Oh, I couldn't get off.

(MADGE pulls him back.)

MADGE. I'll attend to that. (YOUNG sighs.) Don't you want to go?

YOUNG. Oh, yes, yes.

MADGE. And then to-night —

YOUNG (rising). To-night!

(MADGE pulls him back in seat.)

MADGE. Yes, to-night. To-night I — (Notices his necktie.) Now you promised me you wouldn't wear that atrocious necktie again. Here! I bought you one this morning, for I just knew you would have that thing on when I got here. (Takes tie from purse.) You really ought to take a correspondence school course in "How to Dress." Now hold still, while I put this on you.

(Begins untying his tie. They rise.)

YOUNG. But I don't want that one on. This one matches my socks.

MADGE. Matches your socks! The idea! (*Takes necktie off and puts other one on, pulling and jerking him around considerably doing it. Then stands back and looks at him.*) There! That's much better. (*Notices his trousers.*) Now, look at those trousers! Didn't I tell you to get a longer pair? (*YOUNG looks down at his socks.*) Men don't wear their trousers as short as that any more. (*She stoops and pulls his trousers down two or three times, but they fly back again.*) Oh, you are hopeless. If you don't learn to dress better you never will get a wife.

YOUNG. A wife! (*Falls in chair.*)

MADGE. Yes, a wife. (*Sits beside him.*) You expect to get married *some* day, don't you?

YOUNG (*very much embarrassed*). Er—yes, I suppose so.

MADGE. Now I know a girl, not so bad looking; about twenty years old, father wealthy (*Stoops to tie her shoe.* YOUNG *very carefully tiptoes off stage, R.*) and I believe she could even get you in the firm. (*Straightens up and looks around, then speaks disgustedly.*) Dad was right. He is a boob. [*Exits, L., angrily, slamming the door.*]

MARTIN (*enters, L. Looks around stage as he stands just inside door. Goes C. D. and looks out into hall. Then goes to 'phone.*) Jordan 964.—Yes, yes, hurry! Rodriguez? This is Martinez. (*Pause.*) But—  
(*Pause.*) But— Just a moment. I haven't wasted my time. I know I have been here seven days, but I had to get my bearings. Now listen: I have found out the right of way isn't entirely bought up as yet, but it is all mapped out, and his figures for the grade over the mountain are completed. I'll get his map to-day somehow and then we can buy up the land in that locality and block him somehow. Both the maps and figures are right here in Clayton's desk. Had them locked in the safe before. Send Hartman around here about five minutes after five and I'll have everything for him. (*Looks*

*at watch.)* Better get a move on, as it's fifteen to five now. If he takes a taxi he'll just about have time to make it. There's a boob of a stenographer here that I think I can jolly into passing things over to me, but if not I'll make it somehow. (YOUNG enters, L.) At eight o'clock, you say? See Douglas Fairbanks at the Cinema? Sure! I'll be there. Have wanted to see him for a long time. Good-bye. (*Hangs up receiver.*)

YOUNG. Has she gone?

MARTIN. Who?

YOUNG. Madge. I—I mean Miss Clayton.

MARTIN. Evidently, as she is not here now and there was no one here when I came in. (YOUNG moves chair back to his desk and sits down, wiping his face with handkerchief.) What's the matter?

YOUNG. Oh, nothing, only I had quite a talk with her and —

MARTIN. And as you are so bashful, she got your goat. Is that it?

YOUNG. I guess that's about it.

MARTIN (*crosses to YOUNG and slaps him on the back*). Why don't you brace up, old sport? Don't be so bashful. That will never buy you anything. She can't hurt you. How long have you known her?

(*Sits on typewriter desk facing YOUNG.*)

YOUNG. About three years.

MARTIN. Do you like her?

YOUNG. Yes, but —

MARTIN. Well, then buck up, man. If I had only known the girl a week and she showed she was as much interested in me as she is in you the wedding march would be all over and we would be trotting up to Papa and asking for his blessing.

YOUNG (*interested*). You would? But every time I talk to her I get shivers up and down my back and my knees tremble and I can't say a word and, and,—oh, Lord, man, it's awful. (*Rises and walks L.*) I like her and would like to get really acquainted with her but I'm so darned bashful —

MARTIN (*laughing*). By George! I didn't think it was in you.

YOUNG. What?

MARTIN. That "darn." (*Crosses to YOUNG*.) I'll tell you what's the matter with you. You are entirely too humble. You let her do all the talking. You do some of it. You are not assertive enough. Use a little slang once in a while; even a little cuss word. They like it. Don't always agree with her either. Let her know you have some back bone.

YOUNG (*thoughtfully*). Maybe that would help.

MARTIN. I'm sure of it. That woman never lived that down deep in her heart doesn't like a man to boss her. Then you could take her out once in a while, say, to a dance occasionally.

YOUNG. But I don't dance.

MARTIN. Then it's time you learned. Here, I'll give you the address of a place I go to once in a while. (*Takes card case from pocket and removes card from it, dropping one on the floor at the same time. Writes something on card removed from case.*) That's a fine place and a nice class of people go there. (*Hands card to YOUNG*.) I've given you a little note to the manager. He'll take care of you. (*Walks back of desk and begins going over papers.*) Mr. Clayton tells me he thinks very highly of you.

YOUNG (*at typewriter*). Does he?

MARTIN (*watching YOUNG closely*). I understand from a conversation I had with him to-day that he trusts you with all his private papers.

YOUNG. He does with some of them.

MARTIN. A young fellow like you ought to be able to make something out of the friendship of a big fellow like Clayton. It isn't every one that has the chance you have. I had an opportunity like yours once. I was working in the office of one of our big railroad men when they first talked about putting this S. D. & Y. road through the mountains back of San Isidro and I had an opportunity of acquiring some of the land along the proposed right of way, and for a song at that, but didn't expect it would

ever amount to anything. It would be a great thing for a young fellow to buy up some of that land if he only knew where they were going.

YOUNG. Do you think there would be some money in a scheme of that sort?

MARTIN. I don't think it, I know it.

YOUNG. Mr. Clayton is back of that San Isidro route. I don't know much about plans and blueprints but he was telling me to-day that only a few minor details are lacking in the Azusa Trade. When they are secured everything will be turned over to the S. D. & Y. people to begin operations. He said he would be mighty glad to get the thing off his hands too, as the San Isidro and Gulf people —

(*Stops suddenly as he notices MARTIN watching him.*)

MARTIN. Yes, yes! The San Isidro and Gulf people. What else?

YOUNG. Really I forgot just what he did say about them. (*Starts writing on machine.*)

MARTIN (*starts toward YOUNG angrily. Stops and laughs forcedly.*). Well, the next time you are talking to the young lady we just mentioned, wake up and let her know you are alive. [Exit, c. d.]

YOUNG (*turns on chair and looks after him, puzzled. Goes to desk and feels drawer to see if it is locked. Goes around front and notices card on floor. Picks it up and looks at it. Looks out c. d. and then goes to 'phone.*) Jordan 964. Is this the post-office?—Oh! The San Isidro and Gulf Development Company. I beg your pardon. Wrong number. (*Hangs up 'phone.*) Of all the crust!

(*Goes to c. d. and looks out, then goes back to desk, unlocks drawer and takes out papers and plans, which he puts in his pocket. Looks around for something to take their place. Takes newspaper from desk and puts card given him by MARTIN in it. Then puts rubber band around paper, wraps blueprint around it and puts it back in drawer, locking drawer. Sits*

*down at typewriter and begins writing and whistling.)*

MADGE (*enters, L., and crosses, standing behind YOUNG. He looks up and sees her, but keeps on writing.*) My! You can write fast, Mr. Young.

YOUNG. Um-hum.

(*Keeps on writing, paying no attention to her.*)

MADGE (*after slight pause*). I wish I could write on one of those things like you can.

YOUNG. Um-hum.

MADGE. I don't see how you can make your fingers go so fast.

YOUNG. You don't? (*Keeps on writing.*)

MADGE. How do you make all the little keys strike right there, Mr. Young?

(*Puts finger on roller of machine.*)

YOUNG (*jumps up from chair, tears letter from machine, crumples it up and throws it in waste-basket*). Of all the dog-goned fool questions! Can't you keep your mouth shut when you see a fellow's busy?

MADGE (*surprised*). Why, Mr. Young!

YOUNG (*excited*). You come in here and blab and gabble around and make me spoil my letter, a full page, single space one at that. I don't see why you have to pick on me to stand all your nonsense. Why don't you take it out on your father? He don't have to stay overtime if his work isn't out. I do.

MADGE (*admiringly*). Oh, Shakie! I think that was grand! Say it again!

YOUNG. Shakie! Oh, good Lord!

(*Runs out, R. MADGE looks after him a moment and then sits down at desk, pecking at machine with one finger.*)

CLAYTON (*enters, L., with letter in hand. Sits at desk and begins dictating without looking up*). Take a letter! "Dear Mr. Lane: I am sorry I will be unable to accept

contract with your concern for the new road through the Imperial Valley, as just at present I am tied up with this S. D. & Y. deal. If the deal is held open for two months, may possibly be able to accommodate you." Got that?

MADGE (*who has been pecking at typewriter during the above*). Yes, Daddy.

CLAYTON (*turning toward her*). What the — Are you here yet?

MADGE. No, not yet; again.

CLAYTON. Where's Young?

MADGE. I guess I scared him off, Daddy.

CLAYTON. What have you been doing now?

MADGE. Nothing much. All I did was put a new necktie on him, try to get him to wear the right kind of trousers and call him Shakie.

CLAYTON (*crossing to her*). Shakie! A new necktie! And you had the nerve to tell him the kind of trousers he should wear. No wonder you scared him out. If there is one thing a man resents, it is a woman telling him the kind of clothes he should wear. The first thing he knows you will have him wearing ruffles on his B. V. D.'s and pink bows on his nightie.

MADGE (*rising horrified*). Why, Daddy!

CLAYTON (*taking her by the arm and starting L.*). Now you just come along with me and I will put you in my car and start you home. This is a place where we come to work, not talk about the kind of pants a man should wear. Come along.

MADGE (*resisting*). But I don't want to go home.

CLAYTON. I know you don't, but you are going just the same.

(*He pulls her out door L., she resisting, saying, "Daddy, I don't want to go home yet. Please, Daddy."*

*YOUNG enters, R., wearing coat and hat. Goes to desk and arranges papers and letters, watching door, R., as he does so. He then goes to door L., opens and shuts door with a slam, and runs extreme R., hiding back of typewriter desk.)*

MARTIN (*enters, R., opening door very slowly and*

*closing it softly behind him. Tiptoes to door L. and listens. Then goes to 'phone). Jordan 964.—Martinez. How about Hartman.—Should be here by now? Good! (Hangs up receiver. Hurries through papers on desk, watching R. and L. for fear of discovery. Doesn't find what he wants. Takes key-ring from pocket and opens drawer after trying several keys.) Ah! (Takes package from drawer placed there by YOUNG and goes front c. Opens package and finds card. Reads.) "Introducing Mr. Young, A. Martin." What the devil —*

(YOUNG has circled around behind MARTIN. Grabs him by elbows and pinions arms behind his back. They struggle and revolver falls from MARTIN's pocket. Revolver should fall near desk, L. Struggle carried on until MARTIN and YOUNG extreme R. MADGE enters, L., stopping suddenly as she notices the men. Sees revolver, which she picks up. She then stands in front of desk with revolver ready. HARTMAN enters, L.; sees MARTIN and YOUNG. Grabs paper-weight from desk and starts toward YOUNG with arm raised.)

MADGE (goes c. with revolver). I wouldn't if I were you. (They all turn toward her, HARTMAN still with arm upraised.) Drop it! I have you covered and I can shoot. (HARTMAN drops paper-weight.)

CLAYTON (enters, L., notices MADGE with revolver). What in thunder's going on here? I thought you were on your way home. (Sees YOUNG.) Young! What the blazes — (Goes to desk and notices open drawer.) My plans, Young! My plans! They're gone!

YOUNG. No! Here they are. (Hands them to CLAYTON. Then takes revolver from MADGE.) Now, then, get over there, both of you.

(Points R. MARTIN and HARTMAN go extreme R., YOUNG keeping them covered with revolver.)

CLAYTON. What does all this mean?

YOUNG. It means, Mr. Clayton, that your efficiency

expert happens to be from the office of the San Isidro and Gulf people.

CLAYTON. San Isidro and Gulf? What do you mean?

YOUNG. Just what I say. Look at this. (*Hands Clayton card.*) I picked that up on the floor about a half hour ago, where Mr. Martinez had dropped it.

CLAYTON (*puzzled*). Martinez?

YOUNG. Read the card.

CLAYTON (*reading*). "Adolfo Martinez, Los Angeles. 'Phone, Jordan 964." Well, what of it?

YOUNG. Jordan 964 happens to be the 'phone number of the San Isidro and Gulf general office.

CLAYTON. What!

YOUNG. Exactly! Martinez, I suppose that's Mr. Martin's real name, had been trying to pump me concerning your plans and when I found the card on the floor where he had been standing a few moments before, my suspicions were aroused from the similarity in names.

CLAYTON. Naturally.

YOUNG. When I called up and found out that Jordan 964 was the San Isidro and Gulf office I determined to watch our friend, so instead of going home promptly at five, as usual, I hid there (*Points.*), and heard our friend call for his confederate to come for the plans. I surmised what he was after and had already removed them, so all he found was his card, with my compliments.

CLAYTON (*at 'phone*). Send the door man to my private office at once. (*Hangs up 'phone.*) By George! You're a wonder, Young. Let's shake on it.

(*Extends hand.*)

YOUNG. We had better wait until these two birds are out of the way.

MADGE. Oh, Shakie! I think it was wonderful!

YOUNG. Oh, forget it!

MADGE (*to her father*). What has come over him, Daddy? He isn't a bit like himself.

CLAYTON. I always thought a little excitement would

do him good and it surely has. Then I believe we were all more or less deceived in our young friend. You never can tell about these meek fellows. (*Rap at door, L.*) Just a moment. (*At door.*) Wait there, please. He's here, Young.

YOUNG. Come on, both of you. (*Goes to door, L., covering MARTIN and HARTMAN with revolver.*) Hurry up. (*They cross to door, L.*) Step right out, gentlemen; you will be well taken care of. (*Hands gun to doorman outside.*) Take these two fellows around the block to Central Station. Tell the Sergeant Mr. Clayton will prefer charges against them this morning.

(*Closes door and goes down front.*)

CLAYTON. Well, I'm certainly obliged to you, my boy. You handled that remarkably well and I must say you have developed some within the past half hour. (*Reaches hand and they shake hands.* CLAYTON clears his throat a couple of times and then yells.) Take a letter! (*Sits at desk and dictates, YOUNG making frantic efforts to get note-book and pencil from typewriter desk, opening first one drawer then the other. Finally finds them and crosses to large desk, taking notes.*) "Messrs. Paul, Williams and Company. Am sorry to advise you we can't supply you with the material you are after. It is entirely out of our line. (*MADGE leans over YOUNG'S shoulder and speaks to him. He drops pencil, turns and looks up at her. Then rises and they stand c., talking very earnestly.*) Possibly if you took the question up with the Pacific Coast Supply Company they would be able to accommodate you. If not, I am afraid you will have to send to New York for it. Yours truly." Got that? (*Pause as CLAYTON goes over his papers without looking up.*) I say, have you got that? (*Looks up and sees MADGE and YOUNG.*) Boob, did I call him? Boob, the devil! There's nothing slow about him.

(*Leans back in chair and chuckles as curtain descends.*)

CURTAIN





# OLD DAYS IN DIXIE

## A Comedy-Drama in Three Acts

*By Walter Ben Hare*

Five males, eight females. Scene, a single interior. Costumes of the period. Plays two hours and a quarter. Beverly Bonfoey, a high type of Southern gentleman, loves Azalea, his mother's ward, but Raoul Chaudet, a Canadian adventurer, to whom he has given the hospitality of Bonfoey, steals her love. Forced to leave suddenly because of crooked money transactions, he persuades her to elope, but this is prevented by a wonderfully dramatic device. Beverly then challenges Raoul, who shows the white feather and runs away, and Beverly, to save the family honor, assumes the consequences of his swindling transactions. The untying of this knot is the plot of a strong play with a genuine Southern atmosphere written wholly from the Southern point of view. Royalty, \$10.00 for the first and \$5.00 for subsequent performances by the same cast.

*Price, 35 cents*

### CHARACTERS

THE PROLOGUE, *the Goddess of the South.*

MADAME BONFOEY, *mistress of the plantation.*

AZALEA, *her ward.*

NANCY, *Azalea's sister.*

COUSIN SALLIE SELLERS, *from a neighboring estate.*

PHŒBE, *a little coquette.*

MARY ROSE, *Phœbe's sister.*

MAM' DICEY, *the house mammy.*

BEVERLY BONFOEY, *the young heir.*

JUDGE PENNYMINT, *his uncle.*

RAOUL CHAUDET, *a visitor from Quebec.*

CAMEO CLEMM, *from the city.*

UNKER SHAD, *a bit of old mahogany.*

*Beaux and Belles of Dixie.*

### SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I. The drawing-room of the Bonfoey Plantation in 1849.  
The letter.

ACT II. The dinner party. The duel.

ACT III. An April morning, three years later. The return.

# THE ORIGINAL TWO BITS

A Farce in Two Acts

*By Hazel M. Robinson*

*Written for and presented by The Invaders Club of the United Baptist Church of Lewiston, Maine*

Seven females. Scene, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. The girls in camp receive a visit from a neighbor and have to borrow the neighbor's own dinner in order to feed them. They almost get away with it—not quite. Irish comedy character, eccentric aunt, rest straight.

*Price, 25 cents*

## CAMP FIDELITY GIRLS

A Comedy in Four Acts

By Edith Lowell

Dramatized by permission from the well-known story by  
Annie Hamilton Donnell

One male, eleven females. Scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours. A jolly party of girls occupy an old farmhouse for the summer and there discover a secret that makes for the happiness and prosperity of a poor little cripple. A very "human" piece full of brightness and cheer and with a great variety of good parts.

Price, 35 cents

### CHARACTERS

BARBARA WETHERELL	{	<i>students at Hatton Hall School.</i>
JUDY WETHERELL, her sister		
JESSICA THAYER		
MARY SHEPHERD, otherwise Plain Mary		
EDNA HULL		

MRS. TUCKER, a next-door neighbor.  
JOHNNIE TUCKER, known as Johnnie-Son.  
BARNABY CAMPBELL, a big child.  
JENNIE BRETT, a country girl.  
COUSIN SALOME.  
AUNT ELIZABETH.  
UNCLE JEFF.

### SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I. Room at Hatton Hall School.

ACT II. Scene I. Camp Fidelity. Afternoon. Scene II. The next morning.

ACT III. Scene I. Same. Two weeks later. Scene II. Midnight.

ACT IV. Scene I. Same. Six weeks later. Scene II. A half hour later.

## MARRYING MONEY

A Play in One Act

By Alice L. Tildesley

Four females. Scene, an interior. Plays half an hour. The girls seek a job with the millionaire's mother and one of them gets one for life with the millionaire. One eccentric character and three straight.

Price, 25 cents

## THE OVER-ALLS CLUB

A Farce in One Act

By Helen Sherman Griffith

Ten females. Scene, an interior. Plays half an hour. The "Over-Alls Club" meets for the first time in its denim costume with enthusiasm for economy that only lasts until young Dr. Ellery is announced. Finishes in pretty gowns.

Price, 25 cents

## HAMILTON

A Play in Four Acts  
*By Mary P. Hamlin and George Arliss*

**Eleven** males, five females. Costumes of the period; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening. Royalty for amateur performance where an admission is charged, \$25.00 for each performance. Special royalty of \$10.00 for performance by schools. This play, well known through the performances of Mr. George Arliss still continuing in the principal theatres, presents the builders of the foundations of the American Republic as real people, and its story adroitly illustrates not merely the various ability of its leading figure, Alexander Hamilton, but the unconquerable courage and determination that were his dominating characteristics. The vividness with which it vitalizes the history of its period and the power with which it emphasizes Hamilton's most admirable and desirable quality, make it most suitable for school use, for which special terms have been arranged, as above. Strongly recommended.

*Price, 60 cents*

### CHARACTERS

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.	COLONEL LEAR,
GENERAL SCHUYLER.	FIRST MAN.
THOMAS JEFFERSON.	
MONROE.	BETSY HAMILTON.
GILES.	ANGELICA CHURCH.
TALLYRAND.	MRS. REYNOLDS.
JAY.	SOLDIER'S WIFE.
ZEKIEL.	MELISSA.
REYNOLDS.	

### THE SCENES

- ACT I.—The Exchange Coffee House in Philadelphia.  
ACT II.—A room in Alexander Hamilton's house in Philadelphia. (The office of the Secretary of the Treasury.)  
ACT III.—The same. (Six weeks later.)  
ACT IV.—A reception room in Alexander Hamilton's house. (The next morning.)

## THE MINUTE MAN

A Patriotic Sketch for Girls of the High School Age in a Prologue and Three Episodes  
*By Nellie S. Messer*

**Thirteen** girls. Costumes, modern, Colonial and of the Civil War period. Scenery, three interiors. Plays an hour and a half. Betty and Eleanor, typically thoughtless girls of the present day, run across the diaries of Bess's mother and grandmother, which relate the experiences of girls of their age and kind at previous periods of their country's history, and learn a vivid lesson in patriotism. The scenes of the past are shown in dramatic episodes visualizing the matter of the diaries that they read. A very clever arrangement of a very stimulating subject, strongly recommended for all occasions where the promotion of patriotism is desired. A timely lesson strongly enforced.

*Price, 25 cents*

## LUCINDA SPEAKS

A Comedy in Two Acts

*By Gladys Ruth Bridgham*

Eight women. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. Plays an hour and a quarter. Isabel Jewett has dropped her homely middle name, Lucinda, and with it many sterling traits of character, and is not a very good mother to the daughter of her husband over in France. But circumstances bring "Lucinda" to life again with wonderful results. A pretty and dramatic contrast that is very effective. Well recommended.

*Price, 25 cents*

### CHARACTERS

ISABEL JEWETT, aged 27.

MIRIAM, her daughter, aged 7.

MRS. MCBIERNEY, aged 50.

TESSIE FLANDERS, aged 18.

MRS. DOUGLAS JEWETT, aged 45.

HELEN, her daughter, aged 20.

MRS. FOGG, aged 35.

FLORENCE LINDSEY, aged 25.

### SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Dining-room in Isabel Jewett's tenement, Roxbury, October, 1918.

ACT II.—The same—three months later.

## WRONG NUMBERS

A Triologue Without a Moral

*By Essex Dane*

Three women. Scene, an interior; unimportant. Costumes, modern. Plays twenty minutes. Royalty, \$5.00. An intensely dramatic episode between two shop-listers in a department store, in which "diamond cuts diamond" in a vividly exciting and absorbingly interesting battle of wits. A great success in the author's hands in War Camp work, and recommended in the strongest terms. A really powerful little play.

*Price, 25 cents*

## FLEURETTE & CO.

A Duologue in One Act

*By Essex Dane*

Two women. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. Plays twenty minutes. Royalty, \$5.00. Mrs. Paynter, a society lady who does not pay her bills, by a mischance puts it into the power of a struggling dress-maker, professionally known as "Fleurette & Co.," to teach her a valuable lesson and, incidentally, to collect her bill. A strikingly ingenious and entertaining little piece of strong dramatic interest, strongly recommended.

*Price, 25 cents*

# THE AIR-SPY

## A War Play in Three Acts

By Mansfield Scott

Twelve males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, a single interior. Plays an hour and a half. Royalty, \$10.00 for first, \$5.00 for subsequent performances by same cast; free for school performance. Inspector Steele, of the Secret Service, sets his wits against those of German emissaries in their plot against Dr. Treadwell's air ship, a valuable war invention, and baffles them after an exciting pursuit. An easy thriller, full of patriotic interest. Easy to get up and very effective. Strongly recommended for school performance. Originally produced by The Newton (Mass.) High School.

Price, 35 cents

### CHARACTERS

DR. HENRY TREADWELL, *inventor of the Giant Air-ship.*

VICTOR LAWRENCE, *his pretended friend—a German spy.*

HAROLD FELTON, *of the United States Army.*

CARLETON EVERTON, *a young Englishman.*

KARL SCHONEMAN, *of the German Secret Service.*

FRANZ MULLER, *his assistant.*

ARTHUR MERRILL, *also of the United States Army.*

INSPECTOR MALCOME STEELE, *of the United States Secret Service.*

HENRY GOOTNER, *a German agent.*

FRANCIS DRURY, *one of Treadwell's guests.*

CORPORAL THAYER.

PRIVATE FREEMAN.

RUTH TREADWELL, *Treadwell's daughter.*

MURIEL LAWRENCE, *Lawrence's daughter.*

MRS. TREADWELL.

MARGARET LINDEN, *a friend of Ruth's.*

THE TIME.—America's second summer in the war.

THE PLACE.—A deserted mansion on a small island near Eastport, Maine.

### SYNOPSIS

ACT I. The afternoon of June 10th.

ACT II. The evening of September 21st.

ACT III. Scene 1. The afternoon of the next day. About 1:30.

Scene 2. An hour later.

## ART CLUBS ARE TRUMPS

A Play in One Act

By Mary Moncure Parker

Twelve females. Costumes of 1890 with one exception; one, a single easy interior. Plays thirty minutes. Describes the trials of an ambitious woman who desired to form a club in the early days of club life for women about thirty years ago, before the days of telephones and automobiles. A capital play for ladies' clubs or for older women in general. The costumes are quaint and the picture of life in the year of the Chicago World's Fair offers an amusing contrast to the present. Recommended.

Price, 25 cents

# THE CONJURER

## A Dramatic Mystery in Three Acts

*By Mansfield Scott*

*Author of "The Submarine Shell," "The Air-Spy," etc.*

Eight male, four female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, two easy interiors. Plays a full evening. Royalty for amateur performance, \$10.00 for the first and \$5.00 each for subsequent performances by the same company. Free for school performance. George Clifford, incapacitated for service at the front, employs his great talents as a conjurer to raise money for the soldiers. He is utilized by Inspector Steele, of the U. S. Secret Service, in a plan to discover certain foreign spies. The plan goes wrong and involves seven persons in suspicion of a serious crime. Clifford's clever unravelling of this tangled skein constitutes the thrilling plot of this play, the interest of which is curiously like that of the popular "Thirteenth Chair." This is not a "war-play" save in a very remote and indirect way, but a clever detective story of absorbing interest. Strongly recommended.

*Price, 35 cents*

### CHARACTERS

INSPECTOR MALCOME STEELE.	DRISCOLL WELLS.
GEORGE CLIFFORD.	DOCTOR GORDON PEAK.
CAPTAIN FRANK DRUMMOND	DETECTIVE WHITE.
GLEASON.	MARION ANDERSON.
LIEUTENANT HAMILTON WAR-	EDITH ANDERSON.
WICK.	ELLEN GLEASON.
COLONEL WILLARD ANDERSON.	DOROTHY ELMSTROM.

### SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—The home of Colonel Anderson (Friday evening).  
ACT II.—The office of Inspector Steele (Saturday afternoon).  
ACT III.—The same as Act II (Saturday evening).

# THE OTHER VOICE

A Play in One Act

*By S. vK. Fairbanks*

Three voices, preferably male, are employed in this little novelty which is intended to be presented upon a dark stage upon which nothing is actually visible save starlight. It was originally produced at Workshop 47, Cambridge, where its effective distillation of the essential oil of tragedy was curiously successful. An admirable item for any programme seeking variety of material and effect. Naturally no costumes nor scenery are required, save a drop carrying stars and possibly a city sky-line. Plays ten minutes only; royalty, \$5.00.

*Price, 25 cents*

## HITTY'S SERVICE FLAG

A Comedy in Two Acts

*By Gladys Ruth Bridgman*

**Eleven female characters.** Costumes, modern; scenery, an interior. Plays an hour and a quarter. Hitty, a patriotic spinster, quite alone in the world, nevertheless hangs up a service flag in her window without any right to do so, and opens a Tea Room for the benefit of the Red Cross. She gives shelter to Stella Hassy under circumstances that close other doors against her, and offers refuge to Marjorie Winslow and her little daughter, whose father in France finally gives her the right to the flag. A strong dramatic presentation of a lovable character and an ideal patriotism. Strongly recommended, especially for women's clubs.

*Price, 25 cents*

### CHARACTERS

**MEHITABLE JUDSON, aged 70.**

**LUELLA PERKINS, aged 40.**

**STASIA BROWN, aged 40.**

**MILDRED EMERSON, aged 16.**

**MARJORIE WINSLOW, aged 25.**

**BARBARA WINSLOW, her daughter, aged 6.**

**STELLA HASSY, aged 25, but claims to be younger.**

**MRS. IRVING WINSLOW, aged 45.**

**MARION WINSLOW, her daughter, aged 20.**

**MRS. ESTERBROOK, aged 45.**

**MRS. COBB, anywhere from 40 to 60.**

## THE KNITTING CLUB MEETS

A Comedy in One Act

*By Helen Sherman Griffith*

**Nine female characters.** Costumes, modern; scenery, an interior. Plays half an hour. Eleanor will not forego luxuries nor in other ways "do her bit," putting herself before her country; but when her old enemy, Jane Rivers, comes to the Knitting Club straight from France to tell the story of her experiences, she is moved to forget her quarrel and leads them all in her sacrifices to the cause. An admirably stimulating piece, ending with a "melting pot" to which the audience may also be asked to contribute. Urged as a decided novelty in patriotic plays.

*Price, 25 cents*

## GETTING THE RANGE

A Comedy in One Act

*By Helen Sherman Griffith*

**Eight female characters.** Costumes, modern; scenery, an exterior. Well suited for out-of-door performances. Plays an hour and a quarter. Information of value to the enemy somehow leaks out from a frontier town and the leak cannot be found or stopped. But Captain Brooke, of the Secret Service, finally locates the offender amid a maze of false clues, in the person of a washerwoman who hangs out her clothes day after day in ways and places to give the desired information. A capital play, well recommended.

*Price, 25 cents*

## THE ELOPEMENT OF ELLEN

A Farce Comedy in Three Acts by Marie J. Warren. Four males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior and one exterior. Plays an hour and a half. A bright and ingenious little play, admirably suited for amateur acting. Written for and originally produced by Wellesley College girls. Strongly recommended.

Price, 35 cents

## A VIRGINIA HEROINE

A Comedy in Three Acts by Susie G. McGlone. Eleven female characters. Scenery, easy; costumes, modern. Plays one hour and forty-five minutes. Irish and Negro comedy parts, and two character parts; most of the characters young. A very easy and interesting play for girls, well suited for school performance. Romantic interest with lots of comedy.

Price, 35 cents

## OUR CHURCH FAIR

A Farcical Entertainment in Two Acts by Jessie A. Kelley. Twelve females. Costumes, modern; scenery, unimportant. Plays an hour and a quarter. A humorous picture of the planning of the annual church fair by the ladies of the sewing circle. Full of local hits and general human nature, and a sure laugh-producer in any community. Can be recommended.

Price, 25 cents

## ALL CHARLEY'S FAULT

A Farce in Two Acts by Anthony E. Wills. Six males, three females. Scenery, an easy interior; costumes, modern. Plays two hours. A very lively and laughable piece, full of action and admirably adapted for amateur performance. Dutch and Negro comedy characters. Plays very rapidly with lots of incident and not a dull moment. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

## HOW THE STORY GREW

An Entertainment for Women's Clubs in One Act by O. W. Gleason. Eight female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, unimportant; may be given on a platform without any. Plays forty-five minutes. A very easy and amusing little piece, full of human nature and hitting off a well known peculiarity of almost any community. Written for middle-aged women, and a sure hit with the audience.

Price, 25 cents

## THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

A Comedy Drama in Four Acts by Arthur Lewis Tubbs. Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours. Easy to stage and full of interest. The female parts are the stronger, being exceptionally good. Negro and "hayseed" comedy parts. A very strong dramatic piece. Can be recommended.

Price, 35 cents

## Plays for Junior High Schools

	<i>Males</i>	<i>Females</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>Price</i>
Sally Lunn	3	4	1½ hrs.	25c
Mr. Bob	3	4	1½ "	25c
The Man from Brandon	3	4	½ "	25c
A Box of Monkeys	2	3	1¼ "	25c
A Rice Pudding	2	3	1¼ "	25c
Class Day	4	3	¾ "	25c
Chums	3	2	¾ "	25c
An Easy Mark	5	2	½ "	25c
Pa's New Housekeeper	3	2	1 "	25c
Not On the Program	3	3	¾ "	25c
The Cool Collegians	3	4	1½ "	25c
The Eloperement of Ellen	4	3	2 "	35c
Tommy's Wife	3	5	1½ "	35c
Johnnuy's New Sult	2	5	¾ "	25c
Thirty Minutes for Refreshments	4	3	½ "	25c
West of Omaha	4	3	¾ "	25c
The Flying Wedge	3	5	¾ "	25c
My Brother's Keeper	5	3	1½ "	25c
The Private Tutor	5	3	2 "	35c
Me an' Otis	5	4	2 "	25c
Up to Freddie	3	6	1¼ "	25c
My Cousin Timmy	2	8	1 "	25c
Aunt Abigail and the Boys	9	2	1 "	25c
Caught Out	9	2	1½ "	25c
Constantine Pueblo Jones	10	4	2 "	35c
The Cricket On the Hearth	6	7	1½ "	25c
The Deacon's Second Wife	6	6	2 "	35c
Five Feet of Love	5	6	1½ "	25c
The Hurdy Gurdy Girl	9	9	2 "	35c
Camp Fidelity Girls	8	11	2 "	35c
Carrot Nell	15	1	1 "	25c
A Case for Sherlock Holmes	10	1½	1 "	35c
The Clancy Kids	14	1	1 "	25c
The Happy Day	7	½	1 "	25c
I Grant You Three Wishes	14	½	1 "	25c
Just a Little Mistake	1	5	¾ "	25c
The Land of Night	18	1¼	1 "	25c
Local and Long Distance	8	6	½ "	25c
The Original Two Bits	7	½	1 "	25c
An Outsider	7	½	1 "	25c
Oysters	6	½	1 "	25c
A Pan of Fudge	6	½	1 "	25c
A Peck of Trouble	5	½	1 "	25c
A Precious Pickle	7	½	1 "	25c
The First National Boot	7	2	1 "	25c
His Father's Son	14	1¾	1 "	35c
The Turn In the Road	9	1½	1 "	25c
A Half Back's Interference	10	¾	1 "	25c
The Revolving Wedge	5	3	1 "	25c
Mose	11	10	1½ "	25c

**BAKER, Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.**

## Plays and Novelties That Have Been "Winners"

	<i>Males</i>	<i>Females</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>Price</i>	<i>Royalty</i>		
Camp Fidelity Girls	11	2½ hrs.	35c	None			
Anita's Trial	11	2	"	35c	"		
The Farmerette	7	2	"	35c	"		
Behind the Scenes	12	1½ "	"	35c	"		
The Camp Fire Girls	15	2	"	35c	"		
A Case for Sherlock Holmes	10	1½ "	"	35c	"		
The House in Laurel Lane	6	1½ "	"	25c	"		
Her First Assignment	10	1	"	25c	"		
I Grant You Three Wishes	14	½ "	"	25c	"		
Joint Owners in Spain	4	½ "	"	35c	\$5.00		
Marrying Money	4	½ "	"	25c	None		
The Original Two Bits	7	½ "	"	25c	"		
The Over-alls Club	10	½ "	"	25c	"		
Leave it to Polly	11	1½ "	"	35c	"		
The Rev. Peter Brice, Bachelor	7	½ "	"	25c	"		
Miss Fearless & Co.	10	2	"	35c	"		
A Modern Cinderella	16	1½ "	"	35c	"		
Theodore, Jr.	7	½ "	"	25c	"		
Rebecca's Triumph	16	2	"	35c	"		
Aboard a Slow Train in Missouri	8	14	2½ "	35c	"		
Twelve Old Maids		15	1	25c	"		
An Awkward Squad	8		¼ "	25c	"		
The Blow-up of Algernon Blow	8		½ "	25c	"		
The Boy Scouts	20		2	35c	"		
A Close Shave	6		½ "	25c	"		
The First National Boot	7	2	1	25c	"		
A Half-back's Interference	10		¾ "	25c	"		
His Father's Son	14		1¾ "	35c	"		
The Man With the Nose	8		¾ "	25c	"		
On the Quiet	12		1½ "	35c	"		
The People's Money	11		1¾ "	25c	"		
A Regular Rah! Rah! Boy	14		1¾ "	35c	"		
A Regular Scream	11		¾ "	35c	"		
Schmerrcase in School	9		1	25c	"		
The Scoutmaster	10		2	35c	"		
The Tramps' Convention	17		1½ "	25c	"		
The Turn in the Road	9		1½ "	25c	"		
Wanted—a Pitcher	11		½ "	25c	"		
What They Did for Jenkins	14		2	25c	"		
Aunt Jerusha's Quilting Party	4	12	1¼ "	25c	"		
The District School at Blueberry Corners		12	17	1	"	25c	"
The Emigrants' Party		24	10	1	"	25c	"
Miss Prim's Kindergarten		10	11	1½ "	"	25c	"
A Pageant of History			Any number	2	"	35c	"
The Revel of the Year		"	"	¾ "	"	25c	"
Scenes in the Union Depot		"	"	1	"	25c	"
Taking the Census in Blugville		14	8	1½ "	"	25c	"
The Village Post-Office		22	20	2	"	35c	"
O'Keefe's Circuit		12	8	1½ "	"	35c	"

**BAKER, Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.**



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